ASMODEUS

STANS PEDE IN UNO. HOR.

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To the Critic-- and Good-humoured READER.

AMONG the many proper or ill-natured applications, which the foregoing little ſentence, STANS PEDE IN UNO, *ſtanding upon one leg*, OR BEARING HARD UPON ONE FOOT, may aſſume in reſpect to the *Perſon* portraited under it, either as to his unadjuſted writings,---[in which true ſenſe *Horace* applied it to a mock-inſpired Poet, who could make a thouſand verſes in that aukward and frantic poſture, and ſo a thouſand more---we are to ſuppoſe---on the other leg, from change to change]---or as to the ſimilar accident of his life, or to the predicted one * of his death.---For like the motto of a neighbouring little State †, *which way ſo-*

* In the Dutcheſs of ——'s anſwer to Mr. F——'s letter.

† The arms of the *Iſle* of *Man* are three legs, ſet triangular, with this motto, *Quocunque jaceris, ſtabit.*

ever you caſt it, it will ſtand on the one prop or the other ;

---The Author of the following Poem freely takes the firſt application equally on himſelf: It being a haſty compilement, at this criſis, of the circumſtances of that fatal cataſtrophe of Suicide by *Aſmodeus*, produced by the unaſſailable reſolution of a certain DUTCHESS, from a confidence of her own conduct and virtue, to oppoſe the ridicule of the World, threatened to be provoked againſt her, by the crude plans of impoſition of that extravagant and conſequently needy *Being* on her GRACE's underſtanding and pocket. In which her GRACE made a meritorious ſtand for all general reputation againſt the wants and artifices of abuſive Satire. It is therefore a building, like his own works, on a ſudden run up---in the Builder's phraſe---to laſt no longer than the ſhort term of his own memory.

ASMO-

ASMODEUS.

PLACENTIA, from her childhood, early, ſhined
In elegance of perſon, ſtrength of mind.
Bred-up in courts; ere ſhe a title liſp'd,
Her leſſer orb ſtill greater orbs eclips'd.
Her wit gave warning of her growing ſenſe,
And virtue ſeem'd to bud on innocence.
Oft have I ſeen her in the ſplendid Crowd,
---Where Admiration in whole circles bow'd,

Where Envy in her Sex, ta'en by ſurprize,
Caught in ſome grace, or language of her eyes,
Prais'd unawares, by ſoft expreſſive ſtarts,---
Oft have I ſeen her win a thouſand hearts.
E'en aged Majeſty with pleaſure ſtay,
To hold diſcourſe, and linger on his way:
While EUROPE's ſtar-dreſt Meſſengers of ſtate,
And Rival-Beauties for like honours wait.

PLACENTIA wedded---fled the marriage-bed
---We don't aver a truth, but what is ſaid---
On the firſt night---a pure and ſpotleſs maid.

Be huſh'd the Muſe: Silent the tongue of thought:
Nor be the ſecret from the action ſought.
Can wit or cenſure on the truth decide,
The fact unproved, on ſuppoſition's ſide?
Hallow'd to all, but thoſe who dwell therein,
Be the chaſte ſecrets of the marriage-ſhrine!
Who ſhall the rites within that veil explain?
Or dare to rent that temple's veil in twain?

Certain!

Certain! PLACENTIA, nor the talking Throng,
Which ſometimes judges right, tho' often wrong,
Did not in reaſon think herſelf a wife,
---Or ſuch a one, as to endure for life.
PLACENTIA weds. You aſk,---*Without divorce?*
Or elſe; ſhe, here, had run the chance, *for worſe:*
Divorce, where Marriage, of a right, took place,
Had ſeem'd a long, confeſſionary grace.
Be that the talk of cenſure, ſcandal, wit;
---Seldom the object of their aim they hit.---
Or be it food for Law, or for the Church:
---Alike they leave their ſubject in the lurch.
PLACENTIA,---conſcious ſhe the path purſues
Of truth,---enough for her and for the Muſe---
A conduct keeps, 'bove malice or her Sex,
And bids perplexity itſelf perplex.
All ſhe could do, ſhe did.—To Honour's * field
To prove his vauntings---or her fame to yield,
She cites the *Boaſter:* He the liſts declines,
And to her Lord her virgin fame reſigns.

* Doctor's-Commons.

One ſad-told duty ſtill the Fates afford,
To mourn in death this her loved, ducal---Lord.
Beloved of all! of Friend as well as Wife!
The loſs, as pattern, of the ſocial life!
She mourns him ever, at his imag'd urn;
Where Mem'ry's unextinguiſhed tapers burn.
Prudence in grandeur thro' her palace reigns,
And each domeſtic wiſh of pomp reſtrains.
She, like the Siſters of the ſacred vow,
Who what they take from Heav'n on Earth beſtow,
Recluſe from envy, and all vulgar pride,
Diſpenſes pleaſures, to herſelf deny'd.
For oft the Goddeſs FORTUNE on her road
Had ſtopt to make this manſion her abode;
Deck'd it with riches from *Golconda's* mines,
And with choice reliques heap'd its precious ſhrines;
Not holy veſts, like *Monmouth's* tarniſh'd cloaths,
Apoſtle's thumb, or *Cleopatra's* noſe;
But *bona fide* wealth, we call eſſentials;
Money and lands; and ſuch, more ſure, *credentials*.

ASMODEUS,

ASMODEUS, or in other words, a Devil,
The *helliſh Cupid* * call'd, of paſſions evil,
Who of a pious Mother claim'd his birth,
And, ſtrange to tell, had leave to limp this Earth.---
---To ſay the truth, the common cenſure run
Againſt the Mother, that begot the Son.
Let her, in earth and honeſt fame, now rot;
As by the Son before in jail forgot---
No matter how,---This Devil made his way
From Hell to Earth, and here turn'd night to day.
An helliſh day---of *darkneſs viſible*,
In ſland'rous jeſts and falſehoods riſible;
Of virtuous reputations making ſport,
And ſtrange to tell!---by licence of the Court.

* The hiſtory of the Gods gives us two *Cupids*. The one *Anteros* or *Luſt*, the ſon of *Porus*, the God of Counſel, who being drunk begot him on *Penia*, the Goddeſs of *Poverty*. The other the ſon of *Jupiter* and *Venus*, who raiſes in us refined ſentiments of love and virtue. His name was *Eros*, or true *Love*. *Eros* bore a golden dart, which cauſed real joy and affection. *Anteros* a leaden one; which raiſed a paſſion, ending in ſatiety and diſguſt. *Aſmodeus* is the name given this Cupid by the author of *Le Diable Boiteux*, or *The Devil upon Two Sticks*.

But ſo it is. Or Lawyer, Prieſt, or Play'r,
All Devils contrive to get in favour there:
For all profeſſions, *living by their wits*,
At all times muſt obſerve the proper hits.

Asmodeus, as he paſs'd to *Brentford*'s ſhore,
To dine on water-ſwiſs, carp, and a ---
---His weekly recreation thro' the year!---
With his own chian-pepper and caviere,
Like ſalts in ſmelling-bottles, cloſely ſtopt,
Quick to the noſe or palate to be popt,
(Where carp are ſtored within the wat'ry flood,
And tortured in their deaths to yield their blood,
To give the ſauce a more peculiar zeſt,
Pigs whipt to death, and in their jelly dreſt,)
Beheld this rich domeſtic paradiſe,
An object to his ſpleen and av'rice riſe,
And wiſh'd to ſcale the walls---to rob the fruit.
He thought and argued thus. * *I'll do't. I'll do't.*

* The words of Bayes, in the *Rehearſal.*

" I'll

" I'll write a play, a farce, or ſomething clever
" Shall foil this character.---Aye.---Now or never
" A ſtroke at fortune. What?---a thouſand?---Two.
" At leaſt a couple. Let me ſee.---'Twill do.
" Prudence! philoſophy! and in a Dutcheſs!
" The damn'd œconomy!---But that not much is.
" Sure as the Fates in Hell, it is decreed,
" Her character muſt die:---Or ſhe muſt *bleed*.
" How do't? Divulge th' intent: 'Twill reach her ears,
" And prey a canker-worm upon her fears:
" Whilſt, like a * *Patience on a monument*,
" She ſeems to ſit, regardleſs our intent.
" But ſay, ſhe gets it ſtopt? She too at Court
" Has int'reſt, like myſelf.—Purſue the ſport.
" We'll threaten then a gen'ral publication,
" And hunt her down by laughter thro' the Nation.
" That's not ſo well. Stay. No more haſte than ſpeed.
" The curſe of things is---*that my works won't read*.

* SHAKESPEARE.

" Few, like myſelf, know their own depth of merit.
" The leſs I have of that, the more my ſpirit,
" To make a fortune, faſt as I can ſpend it.
" I 'll write it; dem me! let her Chaplain mend it."

Soon as all wicked Spirits *ill* conceive;
They execute, and in their ſtrength believe.
ASMODEUS writes, declares the war aloud,
And raiſes the huzzaings of the Crowd.
PLACENTIA ſmiles upon the low conceit,
Secure of virtue in her own retreat;
No notice deigns, and all the Demon foils.
ASMODEUS, bafflʼd, ſtill and ſtill recoils.

" No notice from the Dutcheſs! Is ſhe deaf
" To fame, to preſervation, all belief?
" No notice yet! No offer of reward!
" Is innocence ſo bold, or ſuch a guard?
" Suppoſe I write, by way of innuendo?
" She ſure will anſwer me, *ſe defendendo*.

" I 'll

" I 'll boldly hint the terms, I mean t' accept:
" —*Hoping that honour on both ſides be kept.*
" Still ſilent!—Women ſure outdo the Devil.
" Rough, ſmooth I've been, moſt violent and civil.
" Not hit in any mode! Shew it, who can;
" *Woman till now by ſilence conquer'd Man.*
" Suppoſe, I drop my claim, and ſhift my ground,
" And on her *Grace's* gen'rous ſide come round?
" Swear, that no ſatire at her *Grace* was meant;
" And, more than all, outſwear my own intent?
" That for no pow'r on earth from truth I'd alter?
" 'Tis gone. An anſwer come! What ſum? *A halter.*"

Asmodeus dropt the ſcroll. His fault'ring tongue
Aim'd at ſome curſes—yet in verſe unſung.
* Scribe-like, he aims to ſcribble out a ſcroll,
In diſappointment ſtraining to be droll.
Philoſophy, that jeſts, feels deep its ſneer,
And, if a lye, no ſatire is ſevere.

* O fortunatam natam———

Truth with her ſhield does Envy's force defie;
Regardleſs, how her poiſon'd arrows flie.
No anſwer deign'd, th' inferiour conteſt cloſed,
To his own thoughts, ASMODEUS, left expoſed,
The fate, he dealt to others, moſtly fears;
The Satyr's ſcoffs, and the Arch-critic's ſneers.
On his *ſole leg* a Figure droll * *he ſtands*;
Nor *verſes writes*, but clinches both his hands.
Truth, as with Time ſhe riſes into day,
O'erpow'rs the darkneſs, and makes bright her way.
PLACENTIA's cauſe, † above the inſidious ends
Of Law, engages all the World her friends;
Flies againſt Envy of its own accord;
Snatches her whip, and throws her back the cord.
ASMODEUS ſelf-condemn'd! What now remains,
But to hang Folly up in Satire's chains?
But, ere the *fatal ſtep* he took and died,
Thus to himſelf the Demon laugh'd and cried:

* A Contraſt to the Statue on the Monument.
† See the Opinions of the Lords.

" No notice—e'en to keep alive the ball
" Of wit!—What! muſt, at laſt, ASMODEUS fall?
" What Demi-wits, what puny Poetaſters,
" Head-lecturers *, what † little Play-houſe Maſters
" Will, on the edge of this calamity,
" Set all their inſtruments of wit at me!
" *Is that a halter which I ſee?* This cries—
" Starts into attitude, and glares his eyes.
" Another at the gallows makes my ſpeech.
" Here, I muſt all unlucky Wits beſeech
" From me to take a warning, mend their lives,
" To keep their own, nor borrow other's Wives;
" To pay their debts, Tradeſmen and Surgeons bills;
" —The Spendthrift's pocket empties as it fills—
" Nor putt for *farthings* among Thieves and Shamblers;
" Nor deep for *hundreds* play, with Lords and Gamblers;
" To ſhun the road that 's broad, as Broad St. Giles's,
" That leads to pleaſure, and with vice beguiles us.

* Mr. ALEXANDER STEVENS.

† Mr. GARRICK and Mr. COLMAN.—Men of conſequence, but of little ſize.—No affront, Gentlemen.

" To

" To chuſe the road to Heav'n, that 's rugged, ſteep;
" Shun bad Companions, and the Sabbath keep.
" Another whines, gibing 'twixt truth and ſcorn,
" That *once* I was of honeſt Parents * born.
" And now another.—*Sure the World is ſtupid,*
" *To hang* ASMODEUS,—*our dear limping* Cupid!
" And to the gallows promiſes to ſend
" My Brother CUPID †, to aſſiſt my *end*.
" To help to ſettle our long black arrears,
" To ſing a Pſalm-tune, and to aid in pray'rs.
" *Weſton* and *Shuter* both are to be ſent,
" At the ſame time,—to teach them to repent."
" Another aſks, *What is he hang'd for murder?*
" *Yes*, ſays another, *hang'd.—It goes no further.*
" *He is not to be ſent to* Surgeons-hall:
" *He murder'd the* Fine Gentleman,—*that's all,*
" *With other characters*, ‡—*but as a Play'r.*
" *He never was a man or woman Slay'r.*

* See Mr. FOOTE's Letter. † See the DUTCHESS's Letter.

‡ Mr. F—— had unſucceſsfully attempted ſeveral characters in Comedy at both Theatres.

" *Never*

" *Never drew drop of blood in all his life,*
" *Of Friend or Miſtreſs,—ſave his virtuous Wife.*
" *What kill his Wife?—He only lets her ſtarve.*
" *No more.*—He cannot death for that deſerve.
" Says this---*I'll write her, on his diſſolution*
" *A letter, ſent before his execution.*
" *I'm glad,* ſays t' other, with a Tyburn-ſlang,
" *For if he's hang'd,---by G-- he there ſhall hang.*
" *No man alive, ſober, or in his cup,*
" *So much, as* SAM, *fear'd cutting down or up.*
" *If then the Surgeons don't the body own,*
" *To cut him up;---No man ſhall cut him down.*
" *Beſides, who gets his body, with't would beg.*
" *'Twould fetch no price:---You know, it wants a leg.*
" *Your elegy,* another,---*I'll take care on:*
" *Your fame ſhall live, tho' you ſhould ſtink like carrion.*
" Another, SAM, *your epitaph ſhall tell,*
" *Here hangs* SAM F____, *who play'd the Devil well.*
" But worſe of all!---Damn, damn this wit-profeſſion!
" GARRICK inſiſts to write my whole confeſſion.

" He 'll not forgive me,---when diſcharg'd his houſe,---
" The mountain I deliver'd of a mouſe:
" How when I made my mimic *Garricks* ſtart it,
" Stop on half words, now dying tug the carpet.
" The long and black confeſſionary ſcroll
" Will famed *Cadwallader's* degrees out-roll.
" My vaſt extravagances, daily wants;
" My noon-day plunders, and my mid-night haunts;
" My ready-furniſh'd palaces,---and garrets;
" My coſtly treats, and---without mutton---carrots;
" My equipages, dreſſes,---and my rags;
" Succeſs in wit,---and partnerſhip with *Skeggs* *;
" My black ingratitude to *Paragraph* †,
" Who gladly now would print that epitaph;
" Same to *Cadwallader*; and O!---poor ſoul!---
" The ſame, *who gave me faith*, to Mother---*Cole*;

* Mr. *F*—— and others invented an entertainment, called, *Mother Midnight*, in which ſeveral Geniuſes exhibited ſurprizing performances. Amongſt the reſt, the renowned Mr. *Skeggs* played ſeveral pieces of muſic on the Broomſtick.

† Mr. GEORGE FAULKNER, lately deceaſed.

Cum

" Cum multis aliis, *that is*, many others,
" My Benefactors, Mother, Wife, and Brothers.
" This is not all.---Mercy !—to Heav'n I crie.
" They will confeſs the church, in which I die.
" Some make me Papiſt—to get abſolution ;
" Some Methodiſt—to waſh away pollution.
" A further vice, hypocriſy, they give
" The liſt ; to ſay, that I in GOD believe.
" This is not all.---Here take me, hang me quite.---
" I muſt forgive the World, or die in ſpite ;
" Bailiffs, Attornies, and the Tribe of law ;
" All Creditors, who touch'd me with a paw ;
" All Libellers, that write the public news ;
" All dull Reviewers, that my works abuſe ;
" All Uſurers, that cheated *cent per cent* ;
" All Gamblers, that won back the ſums they lent ;
" Amongſt the reſt, and above all the DUTCHESS.
" Let me be gone. I die.—Here bring my crutches.
" I 'll hang myſelf, and ſave you all the trouble.
" Dem it.---To be the bubble on a bubble !

" After

" After I 'm dead, I hope you 'll let me reſt.
" *No, no,* they cry. *Your Spir't ſhall walk in jeſt.*
" *Or frighten Children, as a limping Ghoſt.*
" ---I 'll go to Hell.---I 'll gallop.---I 'll ride poſt.
" One joy I have, the Biters I ſhall bite:
" For think, invent, print, publiſh, ſcrape, and write;
" Your gueſs is ſhort of half my wicked pranks,
" The follies, vices, crimes, I leave as blanks:
" Which, were I ſtill to live, I ſhould not alter;
" And which, * ſwim, ſink or ſwing, I 'll carry to the halter."

He ſaid, and with his garters made a nooſe,
" This I can do. 'Tis playing faſt and looſe."
Which putting round his neck—'twas thought in joke:
But never more, poor Culprit ſentence ſpoke.
'Twas ſaid before, he had but one true leg;
Beſt ſubſtitute! the other was a peg.

* Sink or ſwim, that ſecret, Mr. *Paragraph*, I will carry with me to the Grave.

On

On this he ſtood; as t'other end he tied
Up to the poſt;—it ſlip'd the bedſtead-ſide.
Caught in the ſtring, from his own *pin* he twirl'd,
And ſpun a *whirligig*---to th' other World.

ANECDOTE.

THERE is a circumſtance, not a little ſurprizing, attending the corpſe of the late Mr. *S—— F——*. After his death, the *Surgeons---inſiſting that the Act of ſtabbing and murdering, with malice-propenſe and fore-thought, numbers of innocent Characters and unblemiſhed Reputations, was Murder within the Statute, ſuch as *Nabobs*, *Commiſſaries*, *Maids of Bath*, *Bawds*, *Virgins*, &c. &c. reſolutely put in for his † Body, and carried it off from the Undertaker's, whither it had been privately ſent by his Friends, (the Carpenter, Pit and Box-keepers of

his own Theatre) in hopes to steal a Christian burial; and upon cutting him up found no ‡Heart. Whether it had been stolen away by some fair Damsel, another Man's Wife or Widow; or whether it was rotten, and so had undergone a total decay; we expect soon to hear from the valuable disquisitions of that learned and respectable Society. It is however a proof; that the Execution, committed on himself, was not to be attributed to the effect of Courage, but of Pique, Passion, or Resentment, or---from the want of heart---to a total Overthrow of his Spirits; and is an evident proof of the Cowardice of Suicide in general. It was said also, that the Brain was much disordered, and shook out of its place. But that may be owing to the sudden *turn* it might have received, at his last twirling-off: For it has not been observed, that the present § Subject ever discovered any great flights of ‖ Madness in his Life-time.

* Errata: Instead of *Surgeons* read *Critics*; † for his *Body* read *Works*; ‡ for *no Heart* read *no Merit*. § for *Subject* read *Object*; ‖ for *Madness* read *Genius*.

FINIS.